

Flowers Were for Jim

By JANE OSBORN

Ever since Jim had arrived at the hospital, weather-beaten, tanned and much in need of a shave, and incidentally with a wrenched knee that had to go in plaster cast and a dislocated shoulder, he had been the favorite of the men's ward. If he had been a little boy instead of six foot of rugged, honest manhood he would have gone in the children's ward and been known as "nurse's pet."

No one knew much about "Jim." Obviously a man who earned his living with his muscle, he had been brought in one night in forlorn condition by Dr. Robinson, who had said that the man had no friends in town and might not be able to pay his bills for several weeks. He showed no more than a professional interest in the case.

He had been duly scrubbed and brushed and shaved and was quite a different looking individual as he lay there in his plaster casts, but much of the tan lingered and a sort of hardy roughness that made him look decidedly out of place in a hospital bed.

Right from the first "Jim" had become a favorite, and the men's ward seemed to be a brighter place because of his presence.

"It will seem queer when he's all better and up and dressed," said a nurse to one of her companions sitting at the desk where she had been making up charts. "We've all treated him like a nice big boy—and that's just what he seems to be. Perhaps we've petted him a bit too much, bringing him funny papers and puzzles just as if he was a child."

"One often does get a jolt when a patient recovers, and stands up all dressed," said the second nurse. "It's funny about Jim. It isn't that he makes an effort to be jolly. It just seems to be his personality."

"Everybody likes him," said the other. "Even Dr. Martha Yates, who is usually so dreadfully professional in the men's ward, stops and jollies him. She treats him as if he was one of the youngsters in the children's ward—brings him little games and things, pats him on the shoulder when she passes and calls him 'Jim' just the way we all do."

It was true that Dr. Martha Yates' usual attitude when she made her rounds—save in the children's ward—was exaggeratedly professional. Perhaps this formality was necessary to offset a little too much youth and a little too much prettiness. Martha had taken her career as a sort of legacy from her father. At his death his work seemed so far from completion that Martha felt it was her duty to turn from dances and country club activities, from thought of an early marriage—perhaps any marriage at all—to take her medical training.

Every day in her work, however, she had little reminders of her father's skill and large-heartedness that made it all seem worth while. His old patients were forever telling her of incidents in his career showing a generosity and fortitude that she had perhaps never fully appreciated during his lifetime.

And today it was the florist. She had stopped at his shop to buy a half dozen jonquils for her office desk, and the proprietor of the florist shop had stopped his work in his greenhouse to tell of the devotion her father had shown during the illness of his children, many years ago, when he was struggling along hardly making both ends meet in his nursery business. And Dr. Yates had refused to send any bill, and even when the florist had prospered, the doctor had never accepted any back payment for the years of service that he had done.

"Perhaps I ought to have insisted more," said the florist. "But now I am going to insist on this one thing: Whenever you want any flowers you come in here and pick out just what you want and they will be yours. Get them as often as you like. You just know people who want them. Now, for instance, we are having an extra big yield of roses—don't know why, but they seem to be coming to flower a little sooner than we expected. Suppose you let me send you five or six dozen. I could sell them cheap, but I'd rather you'd take them. If you don't want them yourself perhaps you know some one that does."

Dr. Martha Yates thought for a moment. She said she would take them with her to the hospital. She'd leave two dozen in the children's ward and two dozen in the women's ward and another dozen she would give to Jim. She remembered that Jim had been especially delighted with a single rose that she had left at his bedside the day before and had been fondling it that very morning—faded and dried as it was. Surely, he must be very fond of roses, and probably in all his life he had never been able to buy a dozen of them out of season.

"I've brought some roses for Jim," Dr. Martha Yates told the nurse in charge of the ward when she returned. "Is he awake?"

"Yes," said the nurse, "and I'm so glad you have. He's been very uncomfortable, though you couldn't get him to admit it. You know Dr. Robinson had to change the cast today and—well, any one but Sunny Jim would have made a fuss about it. And the poor thing—having no friends or anything. I'm so glad you brought the roses today."

So Dr. Martha Yates went to Jim's narrow cot and no one in the ward seemed to feel the least bit jealous or slighted when she put the whole glorious dozen on his table. For Jim was as popular with the other patients as with the nurses and doctors.

Jim looked up quickly straight into the eyes of Martha Yates and for just one moment she felt a little uncomfortable—wondered if after all she ought to have brought him the flowers. His eyes had never looked that way before—they seemed so bright and clear, from beneath lids that betrayed the recent suffering that he would have been loath to admit. He stretched out one large hand, still strong and showing a peculiar pallor overlying the sunburn that had not yet disappeared, and with this hand he took Dr. Martha's small hand in his.

"Thank you, doctor," he said. "You don't know how I shall treasure them." Dr. Martha Yates had gone away in confusion that she had with difficulty concealed. Suddenly it seemed as if Jim, who had seemed only a fine overgrown boy, had been transformed into a man, strong and virile in spite of his present prostration. She was half sorry that she had taken him the flowers—perhaps it had been very unprofessional. But the nurses had not seemed to think it inappropriate. To them Jim was still plain Jim. Perhaps they had not seen the look, so strong and clear, beneath those tired eyelids.

Jim was quick to recover and within the week he was allowed to get up and sit in a chair for a few hours. And the next day Dr. Robinson whisked him off, stopping with him at the office just long enough to pay in new banknotes the fee for board in the ward. The nurses were vexed with Dr. Robinson for he had not told them of his intention of taking Jim away, and only the little nurse who happened to be in the ward at the time had an opportunity to say good-by to him, and she had been so surprised at his sudden departure, in a baggy, ill-fitting suit and ulster that the doctor brought for him, that she had not asked him where he was going or invited him to revisit the hospital and his many friends there.

"Jim's gone," the nurses told Dr. Martha Yates when she came that day. For a moment Martha started. She, too, seemed to regret not having had an opportunity to say good-by or to have found out a little more about this mysterious optimist who had so brightened the atmosphere of the hospital during his brief stay.

But when she reached her office that night she found a man waiting for her in the waiting room, though it was an hour before office hours. It was, in fact, her customary dinner hour. The man was indeed Jim, though he now wore clothes that fitted perfectly, and it was not until Martha had stood looking at him for a full minute that she was quite sure of his identity. And in that minute Jim stood holding the hand she had offered to him.

"Who in the world are you?" she asked when they had sat down in the dim light of the waiting room. "You're not the simple workman we all took you to be. You—"

"I'm James Bradley, Jr.," said Jim simply. "You know my father. I believe he's president of the board of trustees of the hospital." Of course Martha knew him. It was James Bradley who had contributed more than half of the funds that had supported the hospital for many years past.

"I've been away from home a good many years. No one remembers me. This summer, you know, there was some criticism of the hospital. It was said that a poor man didn't get a show—that the ward patients were neglected. You know, of course. My father was annoyed and grieved. He felt sure it wasn't true. Still he wanted to prove the falseness of it all. I was off roughing it with him in the mountains. Father and I always spend a month together every summer. And one day I lost my footing in the mountains up there—and took a jolly header. I wasn't so very badly hurt. Father suggested that since I had to come down to civilization to get mended I should come to this hospital and that I should do a little spying on the side. So we got in touch with Dr. Robinson, who let it be understood that I was just any one. And you know what I learned—I learned that the men in that ward are as decent and as well treated as they would be in private rooms, and I learned to admire the nurses and—it's all coming out in a report my father will have ready for the next meeting of the board of trustees."

"In the meantime," James Bradley drew his stiff office chair close to that of Dr. Martha. "In the meantime I learned to love you. I know your heart is in your work—but it's such a big heart! Can't you let me share a little of it, too?"

Dr. Martha Yates looked into Jim's eyes and she knew she was not deserting the ideals of her father when she told Jim she would put her whole heart into his keeping.

Ten Great Books.

The ten most important books in the world, according to H. G. Wells, are: Isaiah, St. Mark, "The Great Learning," the Koran, Plato's "Republic," Aristotle's "Natural History," Marco Polo's "Travels," Copernicus' "The Revolutions of the Heavens," Bacon's "The New Atlantis," Darwin's "Origin of Species."

"The Great Learning" is a product of one or more of the disciples of Confucius. Wells includes it as representing the literature of a people and an epoch. This is his method in compiling the list. He does not urge literary value or any other quality.

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Art Acord



Among the prominent "movie" stars of the six-footer type is Art Acord, who in his socks is three inches over six feet. He weighs 185 pounds, has light hair, blue eyes, and a fair complexion. He is a graduate of the Brigham Young university at Provo, Utah. He is married. He spends his leisure hours in the saddle, with his gun and in his auto. He is holder of the Pacific coast championship in broncho riding, won at Klamath Falls, Ore.

YOUR HAND

How to Read Your Characteristics and Tendencies—the Capabilities or Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Palm

THE HAND OF A SOLDIER

AS MIGHT almost be expected, the hand of a successful soldier must be square and firm. The top phalanx of the thumb must be strong, to indicate will power and ability to command. As the soldier—that is, the officer—must frequently use tact and diplomacy, the second phalanx of the thumb must be well curved.

Ambition is indicated by a line running from the line of life to the mount of Jupiter, under the forefinger. A star on the mount of Jupiter reveals distinction gained in the field or elsewhere.

If there is present in the hand what is called a second mount of Mars—that is, a mount lying between the line of life and the mount of Jupiter—it indicates unusual bravery and daring. A short line running from the line of fate, which runs vertically up the palm of the hand to Saturn, shows a government appointment. The mount of Mars—about the middle of the palm, on the outside—should be strong, to express endurance.

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ROMANCE OF WORDS

"SYBARITE"

THE present meaning of the word "Sybarite" is a person who is devoted to luxury and pleasure, who makes a fetish of them and who thinks far more of his comfort than he does of the larger things of life.

The word is taken from the city of Sybaris, situated in southern Italy, near the west shore of the Gulf of Taranto. Sybaris was founded by the Greeks about 720 B. C. and became a very powerful province, commanding four neighboring nations and being capable of placing an army of some 300,000 men in the field. In time, however, the Sybarites, or inhabitants of Sybaris, became proud and domineering, noted for their effeminacy and self-indulgence. It is reported that no trade which entailed the making of a noise was permitted to be carried on in the city, and Seneca tells the story of a Sybarite who complained that he had slept badly and that, upon examining his bed in the morning, "he found a rose leaf doubled under him which had caused him extreme pain."

Sybaris, incidentally, was overthrown about 500 B. C. and never recovered its former glory, though its name persists to this day through the medium of the word "sybarite."

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STATE NEWS IN-BRIEF.

Salem.—The Southern Pacific company Friday reported a shortage of 208 cars. Of this number 165 are closed cars and 43 are open cars. The report was filed with the public service commission.

Salem.—Establishment of a beet sugar factory at Prineville at a cost of approximately \$1,000,000 was the proposal discussed here Friday at a conference held in the offices of W. E. Crews, state corporation commissioner.

Hood River.—Y. Kegayama, Dea flat Japanese rancher, arrested by State Fire Warden Barnes, was fined \$15 and costs Friday by Justice of the Peace Onthank on a charge of carelessly setting a brush fire in a dangerous place.

Salem.—Hop picking in the Independence district will start this week, according to reports received here. It was said today that the demand for hops and the improved market conditions had had the effect of encouraging the growers.

Salem.—The Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation company has a surplus of more than 4000 cars, according to a report filed with the public service commission here Saturday. The Southern Pacific company reported a shortage of 258 cars.

Salem.—William Bray of the Sprague River Lumber company has sent a letter to the public service commission protesting against the service afforded by the Klamath Telephone & Telegraph company, with headquarters in Klamath Falls.

Salem.—William M. Peare of La Grande has been removed as a member of the state board of optometry by Governor Pierce. He will be succeeded by George S. Birney, also of La Grande. The governor said that the services of Mr. Peare had been very satisfactory.

Gold Hill.—Gold mining in southern Oregon during the first half of 1923 has been fairly active, with development and prospecting in progress at a number of properties. The Gold Hill district is the most active with the Sylvanite, Millionaire, and Gold Ridge mines in operation.

Salem.—Members of the public service commission have been invited by Franklin Griffith, president of the Portland Railway, Light & Power company, to visit the corporation's properties in the vicinity of Oak Grove. The company is now expending more than \$5,000,000 on a power project at this point.

Eugene.—The Eugene chamber of commerce has taken steps to have the name "Natron cut-off," which is the designation of the new railway soon to be built between Oakridge, in Lane county, to Kirk, in Klamath county, changed to "Eugene-Klamath cut-off." The Klamath Falls chamber will be asked to co-operate.

Salem.—Remarks dropped by tourists here during the past few weeks indicate that the law enacted at the last session of the legislature compelling non-resident automobiles to register in this state is unpopular and has caused travelers much inconvenience. California is the only other state in the union having such a law in operation.

Salem.—The state highway commission announced Friday that the bridge over the Willamette river at Springfield will be closed for repairs for a period of 30 days, starting Monday, August 20. All traffic for Springfield and points on the McKenzie river will be routed over the Willamette river bridge at Eugene. This detour is macadamized and in good condition.

Salem.—The Oregon public service commission, in a statement issued here Saturday night, has taken all credit for the recent order which makes possible the construction of the Natron cut-off, by the Southern Pacific company. The statement is lengthy and sets out much of the testimony introduced at the hearing before the interstate commerce commission.

Salem.—The Oregon public service commission has fixed a tentative valuation of \$754,401 on the Great Southern railroad, which operates between The Dalles and Dufur. A tentative valuation of \$507,032 has been placed on the Mount Hood railroad, which operates between Hood River and Dea. Protests against the valuations must be filed with the interstate commerce commission before September 10.

Gold Hill.—The local cement plant, which has been closed the past three weeks, will resume this week. Only minor repairs are being made, while annual repairs usually require six weeks. The new quarry opened at Marble Mountain will supply the plant with limestone on resumption, while the clay and shale will be quarried adjoining the plant at Gold Hill. The quarry two miles below the plant at Gold Hill will be closed and the equipment moved to the Marble Mountain quarry.

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MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

Tribute to Civil Engineer.
From the standpoint of the artist, the civil engineer type represents the highest type of masculine perfection. He has the imagination to conceive and the practicality and intellect to execute his conceptions.—Emily Nichols Hatch.

Explaining Ancient Lamps.
The wicks in the lamps of the Vestal virgins are now thought to have been made of asbestos, the mineral from which 1,000 asbestos theater curtains are manufactured every year in England and the United States.

Speaking of Fruit.
Sometimes a fellow makes a date with a peach he believes will turn out to be the apple of his eye, but eventually she proves a lemon that no sensible chap could care a fig for.—Farm Life.

Often He Wouldn't Want To.
Dreams go by contraries, but this is something a fellow never seems to remember when he's asleep.—Boston Transcript.

Voices Louder in a Tunnel.
Voices appear louder in a tunnel because the sounds are reflected immediately. Just as a ras reflector increases the intensity of light, so a sound reflector will increase the apparent strength of the voice.

The Platonic Philosophy.
Of all the ancient systems the Platonic was the most popular. Plato, born in 429 B. C., died in 347. He was distinguished by the comprehensiveness of his teachings. He was a disciple of Socrates.

Happy Time of Life.
Perhaps the best definition of middle age is the period at which one is most anxious to be assured that one is not yet old.—Westminster Gazette.

The Little Tyrant.
Let every sound be dead; baby sleeps. The emperor's soft tread; baby sleeps. Let Mozart's music stop! Let Phidias' chisel drop! Baby sleeps. Demosthenes be dumb! Our tyrant's hour has come! Baby sleeps.

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When You Climb a Hill.
Climbing a hill 1,000 feet high, the total work done by a pedestrian would be equal to raising 265,000 pounds one foot in one minute. What the figures would be in calculating a climb of a high mountain would be amazing.

The Old Stage Coach.
The first stage coach was run in England in the latter part of the Sixteenth century. In this country the first coach was run between New York and Boston in 1732. In 1736 one between New York and Philadelphia.

Extending Deep-Sea Fishery.
The Quebec government plans the establishment of a number of cold storage and distributing plants as a step toward the more active development of the provincial sea fisheries.

Origin of Goldfish.
Goldfish are the result of the elimination of the somber colors in a variety of carp by selective breeding begun by the Chinese and Japanese in the Sixteenth century.

Courts of Justice.
Courts of justice were established in Athens in 1597 B. C. and by Moses in 1491 B. C. The courts were common in Europe. Our own Supreme court was founded in 1789, with one chief justice and five associates.

Nothing Gained by Hurry.
Whoever is in a hurry shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things.—Chesterton.

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